

The Times' Daily Short Story.

STONEGRAVE OVERMAN

(Original)  
"Are you the manager?"  
"I am, sir. How did you get in here? I directed the attendant to admit no one."  
"Never mind that. I am here to read you a play, a play in which there is a great deal of money, a play."  
"Leave it. I will read it."  
"Give me five minutes of your time. I will read you the first lines. Then you can finish it at your leisure."  
Without waiting for permission, the stranger, a tall, spare man, with pointed mustache and chin tuft, a glittering black eye and a hook nose, began to recite without referring to the manuscript the opening lines of his play. Never before had the manager heard such versatility in the assumption of different characters. Now the reader was the loving father, now the innocent girl, the hopeful man of twenty-one. Into all these he infused the individuality of the part, but when he came to the principal character, the villain, his listener was lost in wonder. Presently the reader stopped, took out his watch and said:  
"The time I asked is up."  
"Go on."  
The reading proceeded, and when the play was finished the manager, astounded at the vigor of the play and the genius of the reader, asked for his name.  
"My name is Stonegrave Overman. I think I have satisfied you that I can write a play. At the first rehearsal I shall satisfy you that I can act a part."  
"You will personate?"  
"The villain."  
In half an hour the playwright left the theater with a contract, and in two weeks the play was produced, with Stonegrave Overman cast for the principal part.  
"What a singular name!" exclaimed every one. "Stonegrave Overman! Who is the man anyway? I don't find any of the theatrical profession who ever heard of him."  
When the star came on, notwithstanding there was something forbidding in his personnel, he soon captured his audience. He was a villain—it was plain that he was a villain—and yet he was a seductive villain who made the part which had been constructed to show the superiority of virtue contemptible. The man who played this virtuous role had long been a favorite on the stage and was noted for the effectiveness with which he would declare a noble sentiment. And yet tonight his efforts seemed to be strained. Try as he would he could not infuse into his many opportunities for making "the good" seem adorable the necessary vim. Beside the stranger, with his insinuating villainies, he seemed to dwindle either into insignificance or pharisaical cant or both.

London Tower.  
Only one man in the city of London outside the Tower possesses the password which enables him to answer the challenge of the sentries at any time. It is the lord mayor, and the password is given to him by authority of the king.

In the third act, wherein was the climax of the play, the air without had become heavy laden and a fierce storm came on. A wild wind howled, the lightning blazed, the thunder crashed. This commotion of the elements seemed to inspire the star with genius. While the other actors and the audience were trembling he glided about the stage as if stimulated by refreshing drafts of sparkling wine. His wit, his sarcasm, all those speeches that were thrown in to give effectiveness and charm to his part, fairly scintillated. Once several of the audience, those with remarkably acute eyesight, thought they saw a myriad of faint sparks encircling the actor, which they attributed to the electrical condition of the atmosphere.

Suddenly there came a remarkable change. During a momentary lull in the storm when the star was addressing the man of the noble part with a merciless satire that was making him cringe in spite of himself, lowering his voice and pausing to render the last word effective, there came the faint sound of a distant bell. Whether it denoted the celebration of a mass, a tolling for the dead, whatever it was, the actor seemed transfixed. From the bold, devil may care creature whose resplendent acts and words were throwing the good into shadow he became in a twinkling a whipped spaniel. There were three strokes of the bell, indicating that it signaled the elevation of the host. At the first the actor cringed, at the second drew back a step toward a wing close beside him and at the third passed behind it. During the whole of the retreat he was still the trembling dog, with its tail between its legs, covering before the raised whip of its master.

Something had gone wrong, but nobody knew what it was. The stage manager had the presence of mind to ring down the curtain. Later he came before the audience to announce that the star had suffered a physical collapse and the play would not go on.

Behind the scenes all was commotion. Some one turned out the lights, though in the investigation that followed no one would admit having done so. The stage manager directed a call boy to go for a doctor, then hurried to the wing behind which the star had retreated. When he reached the spot it was dark as Erebus. He called and receiving no response groped about, expecting to find the actor on the floor. Then the lights were turned on, but the stricken man was not there.

For months there was incessant dispute as to who the strange playwright and actor was. Some said he was an escaped lunatic who fancied himself the devil. Others declared that the whole affair had been overacted, those present having been worked upon by the storm. A few who even in these enlightened times believe in the personality of Satan maintained that the man was really the devil.

F. A. MITCHEL.

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women don't know the cause of red hands. It's the use of cheap, impure and "filled" soaps. No red or sore hands when "Sunlight" is used.

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Big Cake of Purity—Only 5 cts. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR LAUNDRY SHAPE

KANSAS FLOOD STORIES.

Incidents of the Great Disaster at Topeka.

Here are some incidents of the recent disaster caused by the great flood at Topeka, Kan.:

Charles Scott, a nurseryman, his wife and three children were driven to the roof of their cottage on Friday night, June 29. They remained there until 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon when the cottage rose from its foundations and began floating away. The building struck a clump of trees, which held it. Scott managed to get his wife and children into the tops of the trees. He tore his coat into strips to tie the little ones and his wife so that they would not lose their hold and fall into the flood. A cold north wind chilled them to the bone, and many times it seemed that they must succumb. Scott called for help until he was exhausted. It being impossible to make his voice heard above the roar of the waters, they were all rescued at 1 o'clock Sunday morning.

Thomas Reese had a bitter fight to rescue his wife and four children. He realized the danger early in the flood, and this, coupled with a perfect knowledge of his surroundings and fine pluck, saved them all. One by one he carried his wife and the children from one high point to another. He was five hours in getting them to a place of safety. At times the water was up to his armpits.

In the awful darkness of Saturday night D. T. Gregg, with his father and mother, was taken from the second story of their home by a rowboat. The carman had scarce headed his craft around when the current hurled it against a tree and capsized it. As the boat turned, the occupants grasped the branches of the tree and another boat came to their aid, taking them to a place of safety.

"Friday night was made terrible by the shrieks and cries for help that came from all the houses about us," said Mr. Gregg. "That is the memory of the flood that will remain with me longest. I could hear the people begging to be saved and swearing that they would kill themselves if help did not come. I heard one man shriek that he would kill himself and all his family if some one did not take him from the waters that were trying to swallow them. The frightful suspense drove the helpless ones insane for the time."

F. A. MITCHEL.

Footless Men.  
A footless race of men is said to have been discovered in New Guinea. They live in the midst of lakes, moving about on little canoes and possessing a few cabins built on wood piles. Their feet are so undeveloped as to be practically useless for walking.

FLEEING FROM FLOOD

Inhabitants of East St. Louis Desert Their Homes.

NO ACCURATE DEATH LIST.

It is Believed That at Least Fifty and Possibly Two Hundred Persons Have Been Drowned—Volunteers Working on Dikes.

St. Louis, June 12.—Flood conditions in East St. Louis are even worse than was anticipated. Instead of receding the waters are apparently still rising and the business and finer residence portions are in danger.

Every one who can is fleeing from the threatened section. Several thousand have come across the river and are being cared for on this side. Every boat, skiff and scow that is seaworthy is in use transporting persons and goods from the danger zone.

Fear is felt that the great levee along Broadway will be swept away. Broadway is a wide street, running from the Eads bridge east to the city limits. It divides the city in halves by a stone wall fifteen feet high.

More than ten feet of water is pressing against Broadway from the south and in some places is pouring through in streams a foot thick. If the wall should give way the water will rush over much of the city as yet free from the flood until Missouri avenue, running parallel one block north, is encountered.

Along the river front to the west a levee of sand bags from two to six feet high and two miles long keeps the water out.

Railroads All in Trouble.

Railroad schedules are almost abandoned toward the east. Westward the conditions are not so bad. Except for the west bound traffic, passengers are not able to use the Union station, but are starting from various points on the Illinois side of the Mississippi. West-bound passenger traffic is gradually resuming normal conditions. There are still delays and irregular running, but all western bound trains of the various lines are moving. For the first time in several days the Wabash has started out a through sleeper to New York. It had to go over three different lines to Hannibal, where it could run on the regular tracks.

Passengers for the Chicago and Alton, Burlington, Big Four and Wabash are taken to Alton by boat. Other passengers east are forced to ride several miles in the street cars by roundabout routes to get to the station.

Mayor Cook of East St. Louis has appealed to Adjutant General Smith of Illinois for military protection, and five companies of the Illinois guard are now on duty.

Many Houses Looted.

Much looting had been going on among the flooded houses, and the local police were unable to keep order. There is no place to keep prisoners in the flooded city, and all men arrested have been walked across the bridge to this city.

No accurate death list has yet been made out, but it is believed that at least fifty persons have been drowned in the flood, and it is thought possible that the number may reach 200. More than 5,000 citizen volunteers are working on the levees and temporary dikes. Every kind of work except strengthening the levees is abandoned in East St. Louis. The property damage will reach into the hundreds of thousands.

Mob Chasing a Negro.

Baton, N. M., June 12.—A mob of 200 armed citizens is searching this vicinity for a negro who shot and fatally wounded Night Marshal John Jones. The shooting was most cold blooded. Three negroes persisted in insulting Jones, and when he attempted to arrest them one of them fired a revolver at him from behind a saloon screen. The marshal was shot through the neck, the jugular vein severed.

Plant Linger Ashore.

Halifax, N. S., June 12.—The Plant line steamer Halifax is ashore at Port Pleasant, in the inner harbor, but as she is on a mud bank it is thought she will float without damage on the next tide. The steamer went on in a fog at low water.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Miss E. A. Hardy is treasurer of the Grand Opera House, Boston.

Mrs. M. L. Wadleigh of Topeka has been appointed as examiner of insurance companies by State Insurance Commissioner Lulling of Kansas.

Princess Metternich, who is now approaching her ninetieth year, has just completed her memoirs, which are not to be published until after her death.

Miss Pauline Astor will be the only American girl who owns an English castle. Her father, William Waldorf Astor, has presented his recent purchase, Haver castle, to her.

Mrs. Douglas Robinson of New York, a sister of Mrs. Roosevelt, has offered financial assistance to William Pickens, the Yale negro student who won the Ten Eyck prize for oratory.

The Countess of Warwick, who has done considerable writing in the past, is now giving the finishing touches to a history of Warwick castle. She has been at work on the publication for five years.

Miss Celeste J. Miller has just returned to Chicago from her third trip around the world. She goes alone and unattended and says she finds that courage and determination invariably secure her good treatment.

Gisela Elbuschitz has been awarded a certificate of competence by the Watchmakers' guild of Vienna. She is the first woman watchmaker to be recognized in the Austrian capital. The innovation is said to be regarded with disfavor by the men in the trade.

Mrs. Minnie M. Belcher is head of an Albany (N. Y.) company which does a large business in subscription books and newspaper premium works. Mrs. Belcher took up business upon the death of her husband, R. S. Belcher of Pittsburg, succeeding to his interest in the company that he organized.

Moses Chase of Unsound Mind.  
Fowler, Ind., June 12.—The jury hearing the Fowler case has returned a verdict that Moses Fowler Chase was a person of unsound mind and a resident of Tippecanoe county (Lafayette), Ind.

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BIG FIRE IN ROCHESTER.

Four Men Hurt—Damage Nearly a Million Dollars.

Rochester, N. Y., June 12.—The fiercest and most devastating fire which ever visited this city started in the Hancock building, on Fitzhugh street, entailing a loss which is variously estimated at from \$800,000 to \$800,000. The fire originated in an overturned pot of grease in the Star Headlight company and spread rapidly. It communicated quickly to the Brick Presbyterian church, a costly edifice, quickly consuming it. Higgins' livery stables, the finest in the city, went next.

An entire row of houses on Fitzhugh street were attacked by the flames and badly damaged, as was the case with several buildings on State and Allen streets. Three firemen were slightly injured, and Acting Battalion Chief Lynch was carried out, with a broken ankle. The new water tower caught fire and was so badly damaged that it had to go out of commission.

The First Printed Book.

The first book printed on movable types was the book of Psalms, by Faust and Schoeffer, which was completed Aug. 14, 1457. Several plates or "blocks" were printed before this, but the secret of their production was known only to the printers, who sold the books as manuscripts.

GOWN GOSSIP.

The fashion of covering the crown of a hat with flowers is increasing.

Loose ties are worn with cotton and linen shirt waists. Windsor ties in open meshed silk net are popular.

Plum color has come to the fore again. It combines well with pale blue and when used on hats forms a good background for pansies.

Cloth, voile, etamine, taffeta and lousines appear in coats. Black taffeta is no longer ultra fashionable, but it continues to be popular with a few persons.

Embroidered linen shirt waist patterns are to be had in exclusive design. If one's purse will permit their purchase. They have an individuality that makes them decidedly attractive.

Nearly all of the black lace and net gowns for evening wear this season are made up over white. An interlining of white chiffon adds to the beauty of transparent black materials and takes away any suggestion of somberness.

Figured muslins, lawns and silk mulls need little trimming except for the innumerable tucks and shirtings which the fashion demands. Little lace is used on these figured materials, but a great many of them are attractively decorated with high girdles of taffeta or liberty silk.—New York Post.

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